A NEW

SCENE

For the COMEDY called

The KNIGHTS.

OR,

FRESH TEA

FOR

Mr. FOOTE.

LONDON:
Printed by J. SCOTT, in *Fleet-lane*.
M,DCC,LVIII.

BRITISH MUSEUM

TO THE
EDITOR.

DEAR JACK

SINCE the Arrival of Mr. F--e *in* London, *we have been not a little diverted (at your Expence) by that ingenious Gentleman exhibiting, as a Sequel to* Canning's Tryal, *ſome curious Speakers in the* I—— ſh *S——n——te.* The Incloſed *will, perhaps, help you to judge how he has ſucceeded in this new Attempt. It is all I have been able to collect, by a diligent Attendance on him in* Drury-lane, *for twenty Nights together*

London, March 1, *I am*, &c.
1758.

P. S. *I have added a few marginal Notes, to give you the better Idea of* our *Entertainment*

Dramatis Perſonæ.

Sir GREGORY GAZETTE.

Mr. HARTOP.

Mr. JENKINS.

Perſonæ Perſonatæ.

Orator PARROT.

Colonel FOXTRAP.

Counſellor AUCTIONEER.

ACT I.

ACT I. SCENE I. in Continuation.

Hartop, Sir Gregory Gazette, and *Jenkins.*

Sir Greg.

GOOD now! good now! wonderful! —— you'r a merry Fellow, Couſin Hartop, you'r a merry Fellow. —— That Queſtion was a Clincher, Couſin Hartop, about the Butter on both Sides of her Toaſt; ay! ay! theſe Lawyers know very well which Side their own Bread is buttered on: Good now! good now! a wonderful Queſtion! ——

Jenk. Oh, Sir Gregory, this is a ſtale Story of Canning and the Gypſies; Mr. Hartop is juſt come from Ireland, Man ——

Sir Greg. Wonderful! come from Ireland! that's well! and what ſays D. J. the Dublin Journal? and ah! and ah! are the Courts of Juſtice in this Country as facetious as thoſe in Weſtminſter-hall? ——

Hart. Why, in that Particular, I think, indeed, Sir Gregory, they exceed us; for my Lord Chief Joker Sparks is, by far, what you call the moſt funny Judge I have ſeen. And then, for your dull Amuſement, ſure there is nothing ſo bewitching as what goes on at the Great Houſe in C——ge-G——n.

Sir Greg. Good lack! good lack! what may that be?

Hart. Why, Sir Gregory, it is, what down in Cornwall you call P—r—m—n—t—ry, and we in Town, Party-Debates; in which, the Speakers being generally of that Profeſſion, I ſketched to you on Canning's Tryal, their Oratory runs pretty much in the ſame Channel of Significancy with the Barriſters Queſtions.

Sir Greg. Wonderful! good now! And are theſe Debates, you ſay, Couſin Hartop, very dull, very like a News-Paper?——

H r all the World, and as full of Politicks too.——

Sir Greg Wonderful! good now! wonderful! —You have ſo ſet me a longing, that, lack-a-day! I ſhall not ſleep in my Bed for wiſhing myſelf in College-Green.——

Jenk. Oh, Sir Gregory, Mr. Hartop has a great Memory; beſides, you know, from his Repreſentation, you may form a pretty tolerable Notion of any Thing, and, I am ſure, he will not refuſe to gratify ſo near a Relation.——

Hart. Well then—ſince, as Mr. Jenkins ſays, I love to oblige my Relations, I will endeavour to give you ſome Satisfaction; at leaſt to reſtore you to your Sleep Sir Gregory—in which I am only afraid of ſucceeding too happily: But to Buſineſs, with knottedBrows and Solemnity as Diſmal as a Phyſician at the Funeral he did not foretell, ſlowly riſing with Confidence of Face and Diffidence of Speech, ſuppoſe Orator Parrot to Addreſs.

Mr. Chairman,

Notwithſtanding what has been urged againſt this Reſolution, and that too with ſuch Profuſion of Oratory and Powers of Eloquence, and notwithſtanding the Multitude of ſpecious Arguments and learned Expoſitions of theſe Laws, which

which have been offered by the Right Honourable Member on a former day——— I do not find *any* Impreſſion made upon my Judgment thereby——— and I hope, I ſhall have your Indulgence Sir, and the Indulgence of the C-m-tt-ee, ſince we may conſider this day's Buſineſs as the Continuation of a former Debate, in taking Notice of ſuch Arguments as were then made Uſe of, by that Gentleman.——Sir, the Roman Hiſtorian has remarked, and that with ſo much Juſtice, and with ſuch a peculiar Spirit of Prediction, Poſt Facto, that I cannot help Reciting his very Words—and they are theſe: —The Commonwealth was in a moſt ſingular Manner benefited by the oppreſſive Reign of (*a*) ——TARQIN—*the Proud.*"—I ſay Sir, the Hiſtorian has remarked that the Oppreſſions of TARQUIN *the Proud* gave Birth to the Liberties of Rome—how then can the Right Honourable Member ſay, that Heads of B—lls are not Petitions to the K—g? —if they are not Petitions to the K—, ——to whom are they Petitions——does it become the Dignity of this Houſe, *does it become the Dignity*, I will ſay, *of the R—ſ——ves of the C——s of the Kingdom of Ireland* to be the humble Petitioners to a P—y C—l; to a C—l culled from the fawning Sycophants of an Imperious L—L— or from the meaner Tools and followers of his Dependants, Fellows whom he can wipe in, (*b*) or wipe

---

(*a*) *Stare the Secretary full in the Face, club your Brows, thruſt out your upper Lip, and roar to the extent of your Voice.—N. B. The Word in Capitals is to be ſpoke with a Solemnity moſt ſingularly foppiſh, and that in Italicks, with the quickeſt Articulation poſſible, as if one Letter had triped up the Heels of another.*

(*b*) *Witneſs*—John Dondaldron, 1753-4, *during*

wipe out with a wet Finger, fit to fetch and carry, to leap over or under the Stick, at the Motion of a Secretary's Evebrow, is it to theſe the P——t muſt petition: To ſuch as theſe muſt the H— of C— humbly ſue for Redreſs of Grievances. Such Doctrine, I believe, was never taught in any H— of P——t before; Such Doctrine, I am ſure, was never taught in this Houſe of P——t before; and, Sir, ſuch Doctrine, I hope, will never be taught in it again.——But, Sir, does not the very firſt Words of every B——ll declare to whom they are Petitions?——"We pray it may be enacted" Who (*c*) *dare* ſay any Perſon, or any Body of Men, have Power to en--ct but the K--g.——Sir, P—yn—gs Law, or the Law of Harry the Seventh, called P——yn——gs Law, and that of P. and M. which is explanatory of this Law, I look upon to be exceeding good Laws; and, for my Part, I have no Wiſh that they were repealed, nor no Intention to repeal them: Nay, if it depended on my ſingle Vote to repeal them——— ———*I would not do it*; and I will take the Liberty to offer my Reaſons why I look upon theſe Laws, in this favourable Light——Sir, it is the Abuſe of theſe Laws, not the Power which they give, that is the Grievance to be complained of; and this I do contend for, and I do inſiſt upon it, and I ſhall always inſiſt upon it, that theſe Laws give not Power to the P—y C—l of ſtopping our B—lls. Sir, it has been ſaid, their Oath obliges them to do this, in ſome Caſes or to be perjured; Sir, I would not give a Ruſh for their Oath; it was made before there was any ſuch Thing in Being

---

the mild and merciful Reign of the broad Sword and Crozier.

(*c*) *This Word ſharp and ſhrill wherever it occurs.*

Being as a P—y C—l, and therefore muſt be void and nugatory in itſelf: And now, Sir, I hope, when the Weight of theſe Arguments I have offered, the Clearneſs of my Reaſoning, and the Newneſs of my Matter is conſidered, which I have ſo well ſupported by the Evidence of authentick Records, Hiſtory, and the Uſage of P———t, that no Man will lay his Hand on his Heart, and ſay, I can give a Negative.

Sir Greg. Ah, ah, very Pleaſant! moſt wonderful! you have a Nack Couſin Hartop, you have a Nack——Why this is a moſt mercileſs Speaker, what did you call the Gentleman, Orator Orator——

Hart. Parrot—one who is much indebted to his own Language, and other Men's Senſe, in every Debate.

Jenk. But, Hartop, I did not expect ſo much from you. Why, Man, you ſurpaſs yourſelf: You muſt favour us with another Specimen of your P——nt—ry Talents. There is, I have heard, one Mr. Fr—ch.

Hart. There is, indeed; but he is not to be touched by a Caracatura. I ſhould never hit his Features ſo as to give you any Idea of him; it would require a Titian or Le Brun to do him Juſtice. His Figure is graceful, his Manner compoſed and decent, his Language that of a Gentleman and a Senator, and his Knowledge ſo complete and perfect, that his Reaſoning is ſtrong, cloſe, and concluſive; his Arguments clear, ſhort and pointed. He is never obliged to go out of his Way, to fill his Mouth with foul Words and perſonal Reproaches, or to cry out in the Tone of a Bully, "Who dare," to win the Applauſe of the Gallery.

Sir Greg. Wonderful! good now! good now!

Jenk. Aye,—as Sir Gregory ſays, this is wonderful indeed!—a finiſhed Character truly; For my Part, I could never be perſwaded, that theſe popular Pleaders, as we may call them, meant more than Self, before —

Hart. Why, who the Devil told you otherwiſe now?——not I, I'm ſure. You will grant, I hope, a Man may have great Abilities without making a good Uſe of them, as is, perhaps, the Caſe of this very Gentleman——Sir, he is one of your *Impracticables*; his Schemes for the public Service, are ever of a Stamp with *your Secret Expeditions*, while he ſlily jobbs at every Bye-Corner, for his own *real* Emolument.

Jenk. And, if Popularity be his Object, o'my Conſcience I think him in the Right on't—— for Things really uſeful to a Country, are in general ſo obvious, that no Man is diſtinguiſhed by propoſing them: Whereas Matters, which exceed either Comprehenſion or Poſſibility, ſtrike with irreſiſtable Charms on Account of their Novelty, and fill our Minds with a great Idea of him, whoſe ſuperior Talents propoſed the new-born Benefit, or exalted Courage, attempted ſo bold an Enterprize.

Hart. It may be ſo indeed: But, I fear me much, he has miſſed his Mark, however judicious he has been in his Choice of the Means to attain it; for there is an everlaſting Blot in his Eſcutcheon, which muſt remain as the *baſtard Bar* to public Confidence, and prove him at leaſt no better than the illegitimate Offspring of *Liberty* and *Patriot Love*. The People very well remember the Time when he and his Coadjutor abetted with Might and Main, the moſt pick-pocket Projects, and licked the Spittle of an arbitrary Secretary, nay of a jun-

to

to C——l that defaced, and even ſuppreſſed a Linen Bill. There was not a Word of Poyning's Law then; but, indeed, he is a Man of Senſe, and deſerves all I have ſaid of him.

Jenk. You ſurprize me mightily—from the Free Citizens Toaſts, I had been induced to believe theſe the moſt popular Men in the three Kingdoms.

Hart. Free Citizens! — why Man, thoſe who go now by that Name, are but the RUMP of that reputable Body; a Tag-rag Remnant of the Lucaſian Leven, filled with ſuch a Spirit of *Implicit Faith*, that they drink without Scruple, ſuch Toaſts as the Underſtrappers to P—r—y and the Pr—mate think fit to ſend their Preſident thro' the muddy Channel of Patriot B—d—ll.

Jenk. But, Sir, are there no more Fools in the Iriſh H——? That Soil did not uſe to be ſo unnatural.

Hart. I did not ſay ſo neither—there is a Colonel Foxtrap, who, I aſſure you, is his own Mothers Son.—

Sir Greg. Oh Wonderful! and what of him pray?

Hart. Indeed Sir Gregory I am afraid to attempt him, you have ſeen already in my Specimen of Parrot, how impoſſible it is to make that which is but ſimply *Dull*, without even the Shadow of ridiculous Folly, entertaining, where more muſt depend upon *the Manner* than *the Matter* to make People Laugh.

Jenk. Oh! never fear — we know you too well Mr. Hartop to be in Pain about *your* Execution of any Man's Manner, be it never ſo ſingular or abſurd; and as for the Matter, we ſhall not attend much to that.

Hart. Well then, ſince you will have it, — figure to yourſelf, the Idea of a Perſon, who has been all his Life ſeeking a Needle in a Buhdle of

hay; one that has *juſt*, *not* the Bedlamite Earneſtneſs of Eye and Violence of Limbs and Features, whoſe Action is the beſt Comment upon that particular Grace of Oratory deſcribed by the Retoricians, under the Title of *Chiromania*, or the Madneſs of the Hands, of whom the London Prentice was but a paltry Type, as celebrated by the old Ballad, in theſe Lines.

——— never could withſtand
The noble Force and fortitude
And Courage of his Hand ———

Which being premiſed, ſuppoſe him to have thrown his Hat down and himſelf up with

Mr. Chairman,

Sir, will you give a plain, honeſt, Country Gentleman, Leave to ſpeak his own private Opinion of this Matter; For to tell you the Truth, I have not been able for the Blood of me, to Fraim any Opinion about it yet, I mean Sir, (you need not Laugh ſo neither Gentlemen) I mean, Sir, I ſay, which Way I ſhall Vote on this Queſtion, for there has been ſo much ſaid Backwards and Forwards, and the Lawyers have turned the Cat ſo often inſide out, that for the Blood of me, I am not able to tell what to make of the Matter, and when ever one of them has finiſhed his fine florid Harrangue, and ſat down, I only juſt Think to myſelf, what would he have ſaid, had he been retained on the other Side; I mean no Reflection upon my Honour; but it is their Trade, to be paid for ſpeaking, and they cannot help it, — ſo, Sir, I only wiſh theſe Gentlemen would get up again and give their Sentiments on the other Side of this Queſtion; and you muſt know Sir, I do expect that ſome Thing of this Sort may, in Time grow Faſhionable, for I have lately obſerved the Gentlemen of the long

Robe

Robe to be ſo very deſirous of informing this H—ſe that they have got up towards the End of the Debate, and like Hudibraſs, 'confute, change Hands, and ſtill confute: But, Sir, as I was a ſaying, it is of the greateſt Conſequence, if I had ſaid, of the higheſt Conſequence, I don't believe I ſhould have lied; if I had Gentlemen might have told me ſo, for I love to make People laugh; I ſay, Sir, it is of the higheſt Conſequence to this Nation —— who is Prime Miniſter on the other Side of the Water; you ſee, Sir, I ſpeak plain, I am afraid of no Man, I care not what I ſay, nor what any Man ſays, and as this is the Caſe, Sir, I would moſt ſincerely, moſt heartily, and with all my Heart, recommend the ſtudy of Hiſtory, eſpecially to thoſe young Gentlemen who are ſometimes a little unfortunate in quoting our own Journals; and the Hiſtory I have in my Eye, is that of —— Reynard the Fox. (When you have had you Laugh out, Gentlemen, you will let me go on) I ſay, Sir, the Hiſtory of Reynard the Fox, is the Book I do moſt ſincerely, and with all my Heart, recommend to every Man in this H——ſe, and I have that Dependance on our Sp—k—r's Taſte, Learning and Judgment, that I am ſure he will alſo recommend it, as a Book from which he has gotten as much Knowledge, as from any he ever read in his Life; at leaſt I ſhall ſay ſo much for myſelf and him, and I believe you will not be apt to think I lie. But to proceed: In this Hiſtory, is moſt emphatically, moſt ſignificantly, moſt (I don't know what to call it) artificially ſet down the Wiles and Intreagues of a cunning Miniſter, for you muſt know Reynard was a Prime Miniſter; you will find how he ſent thisFavourite here, and totherFavourite there, and that he ſent Bruin the Bear to Ireland —— and ſo, Sir, I ſhall ſit down as I got up, with telling

you, that I have not reſolved in my own Mind whether H——ds of B——lls, be Petitions to the Throne or not ——

Sir Sol. Oh wonderful! good, very good! a moſt excellent Story of Reynard the Fox!

Jenk. Why ſurely this Gentleman did not ſpeak on the ſame Subject with the laſt?

Hart. Ay but ſurely he did; and tho' foreign as you may think it, I doubt much whether Orator Parrot would have ſpoke more to the Point, if Mr. F——z-G——d had not been up before him.

Jenk. But pray did Col. Foxtrap vote on this Queſtion which he ſeems to have heſitated ſo much about?

Hart. Vote? ay marry did he, and on both Sides too; for he carried his Shilly-ſhally ſo far, that after he had divided with the *Ayes*, he ran back to the other Side, and cryed out, *No, No, No.*

Sir Greg. Good! very good! wonderful! I warrant you now there is not a Dog of a News writer will give us one Word of this Matter, tho' I am ſure the London Chronicle is feed to record, if not their Speeches, at leaſt their Speakers, by a Star (*) 'Tis wonderful! good lack! good lack, Couſin Hartop, one Speech more, and then I will have done.

Hart. One more! oh that is unmerciful! How can you impoſe upon me the Drudgery of recollecting ſuch Stuff? But I will indulge you—However, do not expect a long one.

Sir Greg. Oh you are wond'rous kind, Couſin Hartop; is he not wond'rous kind, Mr. Jenkins?

Hart. Well, the Perſon who did *not* ſpeak next on this Debate was Mr. Auctioneer, whoſe Vacancy of Face and Mind is not unaptly repreſented by the vulgar Similie of looking like a Horſe in a Pound.

Sir Greg.

Sir Greg. Oh wonderful! a Horſe in a Pound! good lack! good lack!

Hart. Ay, Sir Gregory, or like a ſleeping Turnpike, or a *Wooden Rolling-Stone*, or any other familiar Object you can think of.——But to proceed.

'Mr. CHAIRMAN,

The Queſtion on your Paper, Sir, is of that Importance, Sir, that I humbly beg Leave, Sir, to aſk Leave, Sir, to apprehend, Sir, that in my Apprehenſion, Sir, no Man who has the Honour to ſit in this Houſe, or what, Sir, I apprehend, tant-amount, Sir, in this Queſtion, to be the Repreſentative of either the Publick or his own Pocket, can give his Negative, or what I apprehend may be the ſame Thing, his Affirmative to, without, Sir, firſt declaring his Reaſons for ſo doing: And, Sir, let me preſume, Sir, to ſay, Sir, that I humbly apprehend, Sir, I am regular, or, as I beg Leave, Sir, to ſay, that I am in Order, when I profeſs, theſe are my Motives for riſing on this Occaſion; tho' at the ſame Time, Sir, I cannot help humbly to beg Leave, Sir, to apprehend, Sir, that I know nothing of the Matter.'

Jenk. For God's Sake, Hartop, who is this miſerable Petitioner; for nothing——

Hart. One who never ſpoke ſince the Day he was admitted into the H——; and as his Speeches are therefore ſcarce and curious, I thought it worth While to preſerve this, tho' not ſpoke on the ſame Day, yet is equally ſuited to all Subjects.

Jenk. Aye! but Hartop, there is ſtill remaining, one Perſon, of whom you have not given a Specimen, and I am told he is a moſt excellent Subject.

Hart. Who? — Illdon Harſh, Eſq; — aye indeed, ſo they ſay, but Alas! poor Gentleman, the

17th

17th of December, was at once both the Author and Finiſher of his oratorial Hopes— He is the very reverſe of Balams Aſs; ſince he turned aſide from the Sight of *that* Angel, he has never been able to utter one articulate Sound—though the harſhneſs of his Hollow, and his natural propenſity to Noiſe, makes him extremely uſeful to his Party in the Lobby, as a *Whipper-in*, upon their Diviſions.——

Jenk. Well, but ſure you have not given us all?

Hart. Another Time, Man; another Time; I am in Haſte at preſent. But you ſhall have your Satisfaction of them, never fear.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

6 DE 58